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## Poems

Editorial Staff

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### Distant Thoughts

Let tomorrow bring  
Whatever it will give  
Today is the present  
Today we must live  
Yesterday's problems  
Are today's shame  
Today's problems  
Are tomorrow's pain  
Tomorrow we'd say  
Yesterday was hell  
But today we laugh  
Because we're feeling swell

© Linda Jones Malonson  
Ruleville, Miss.

### Hell is a Place

Hell Is A  
Place  
Where my soul  
Can weep

Hell Is A  
Place  
Where my mind  
Can't sleep

Hell Is A  
Place  
Where I rest  
In vain

Hell Is A  
Place  
Where I cry  
In pain

Hell Is A  
Place  
Which I cannot  
See

Hell Is A  
Place  
Which dominates  
Me

Hell Is A  
Place  
Where there is  
No dove

Hell Is A  
Place  
Which I do not  
Love

Hell Is A  
Place  
Where I sigh  
And sigh

Hell Is A  
Place  
Where I don't  
Want to die.

Richard Lee Green Jr.  
Nashville, Tenn.



### **Superman**

Ah, my Brother, too soft you speak  
No . . . it isn't your voice  
But your mind that's weak  
Weak from the strain of power to seek  
The crumbs of fortune left to the meek.

Tell me, my Brother, is it the accolade  
you miss  
You seem to seek only the fleeting bliss  
Of a one night stand, the proffered kiss  
Until tomorrow when you question this  
As the fantasy fades away in the mist.

Stand up, my Brother, on your own two  
feet  
I have no doubt you'll be hard to beat  
And you'll find it easier yourself to meet  
When you are your own master, no  
matter the feat!

Minni Chapman  
Landover, Md.

### **Scars**

At day's end,  
We take a nap  
To patch the disproportionate scars  
from unemployments' whip.  
Tomorrow, some of us will begin again.

Wilma D. Perry  
Silver Spring, Md.

### **Upon Meeting Dialectical Materialism**

Every time  
I hear  
someone  
speak  
I expand  
the bounds  
of my map  
of wisdom  
and  
the borders of  
my ignorance  
recede.

Njeri H. Nuru  
Howard University

### **Time, too, is a body of water**

it moves, flows  
and ripples  
slowly  
quickly  
continuously  
scarcely beginning  
or ending

Donna Donato  
Howard University

### **The Boat People of Haiti**

on the third day  
the wind again slapped at the small boat  
water came through the cracks  
we moved our large bundles of clothes  
to the last dry spot beneath our bare feet

the women were hungry  
but few things were left in the baskets  
i held the hands of my wife  
trying my best to comfort her

how far florida—she keeps asking

& it was the fourth day  
when i told her  
i did not know

the nights are horrible  
they are worst than hunger  
the cold so near  
the stars so far  
the water everywhere  
rain falling now & then  
the children sick with fever

i try to pray  
but find myself too weak  
i tell myself that death  
will come in maybe one or two hours

i try to sleep  
i sail this nightmare  
to america

E. Ethelbert Miller  
Howard University

### **Types of People**

Some people burst out  
like fountains  
or act as the  
raging sea  
a few are firm as mountains  
or sensitive as a willow tree

Feelings can be bitter as a  
snowstorm  
or hot as a summer day  
feelings are dangerous when lukewarm  
cause trust is far away

There are those who  
are innocent as a rose  
or guilty as dark grey clouds  
some are independent as crows  
are like locus traveling in a crowd

People can talk like  
flowing rivers  
or be quiet as a country road  
some have souls as strong as ants  
and carry twice their load  
it's good being active as in dance  
instead of stagnant and corrode

Iley Brown  
Howard University

### **The Facts are Invisible**

in our school  
there is no talk of  
Zimbabwe or Angola.  
They tell me Martians  
built our pyramidal  
culture. Our history  
is short lived.  
Our present  
obscured.  
Our future  
silenced.  
i hear some  
foreign news  
of bloodshed  
and struggle  
i read a poem  
scolding my apathy.  
my apathy?  
i am confused!

Stephanie Mills says  
"i don't know  
the NA.A.C.P.  
and don't want to!  
Being Black is depressing.  
Angela Davis  
is just a name."

in our neighborhood  
Reggae is equivalent  
to disco  
and the only 'movement'  
going 'round  
is on the dance floor.

we don't even know  
what's happening?

in our school  
the poems are white chalk  
and dispensable  
The facts are invisible  
there is an identity dying  
amongst middle-class  
elite  
we have been brainwashed into  
vocational conceit  
and  
Poets who write for  
Poets are  
neglecting their duty!

in our town  
there is no  
Johannesburg  
no  
Ghana  
but  
Sammy thinks  
Cougarands  
are good security  
investments!

Romaine Harden  
San Berdo, Ca.



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